

The Palmer Sentinel.

A Business and Family Newspaper—Independent in Politics and Religion—Devoted to Agriculture, Arts, Sciences, Literature and General Intelligence.

VOLUME I.

PALMER DEPOT, MASS., THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1846.

NUMBER 13.

THE SENTINEL

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
Whittemore & Tenney,
Mechanics' Hall, (Opposite the Western Railroad
House,) up stairs, Main Street,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Terms—\$1.95 a year in advance.
\$1.50 at the end of three months—\$1.75 at the
end of the year.—Single Copies three cents.

Any person who will procure ten good subscrip-
tions, shall receive one copy gratis.
Advertisements conspicuously inserted on the us-
ual terms.
All orders and communications must be post paid,
and directed to Palmer Depot, Mass.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid.

SELECTED TALE.

The Mysterious State-Room; A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. M. WOODMAN, ESQ.

"Some men," 'tis said, do love rehearsal
Of each day's acts in foregone night dreams.
So nothing happens they have not seen the shadow
Of!"—Glo'f. Brynne.

Among the numerous wild and thrilling
romances of which the valley of the
South-west has been so often the scene,
and which have, hitherto, escaped the
avidous pen of the tourist and story writer,
is the one which I have chosen for the sub-
ject of the following sketch. Though not
strictly Radcliffean in its tone and aspect
—for there are no castles and dungeons
thereabout, in which to lay terrific chap-
ters—yet it may involve sufficient of the
romantic to entitle it to preservation.

It was one of those autumnal evenings
of the South when Heaven itself seemed
to have descended and enthroned herself
with banners of fire and crimson, and cur-
tains of golden light upon the temples of
gorgeous clouds that lay heaped up in the
West, a mass of glory and splendor too in-
tense for the eye to gaze upon! The mag-
nificent flood of the Mississippi rolled on
reflecting from its dark and steely surface a
hue like purple! The centennial trees that
lined its shores, were gently waving their
ocean surface—the red sunlight glancing
along their green and billowy tops as if
from wave to wave a vast and heaving
deep! A small but beautiful city, rising
above roof, terrace above terrace, with
trees picturesquely mingling with, ex-
posing and half concealing, the white dwell-
ings, slept upon the hill side facing the
west. A rich roseate tint was suffused over
it, and the red fire from the setting sun
illuminated its windows so that it looked like
a city in flames; each dwelling a smoul-
dering furnace within, yet, all burning
with smokeless, unconsuming configura-
tion. Such it seemed indeed, to be our
eyes, as we approached it from the south,
on board that most imperial steamer the
"Empress." Every passenger stood on
deck enjoying with unlimited expressions
of admiration the whole magical and gor-
geous scene; not even excepting the rud-
er portion of the motley and diverse as-
semblage that composed our number, many
of whose faces were animated with the
enjoyment which even simple and uncult-
ivated taste is ever ready to administer to
every man who will open his senses to its
influence.

We had left New Orleans the morning
before with a large and an agreeable party
of passengers, and we were to stop at
Vicksburg, the city before us, to take in an-
other, for whom the best, because it was
the largest and sternmost, state-room had
been reserved to this time. There existed,
therefore, among a very of lovely women
on board, married and single, who had
been particularly anxious to obtain this de-
sirable room for some of their own party,
probably because it was not obtainable, not
a little curiosity to learn who the individ-
ual was that had thought him or herself
of so much importance as to send to New
Orleans to pre-engage a passage, and the
best accommodations. Among these ladies
were two remarkably lovely girls,
cousins, on their passage to Lexington, of
which beautiful city one was a resident;
the other being a native of Louisiana, and
on her way to make her cousin a visit.—
They were under the protection of the
charming Kentuckian's father, a fine old
gentleman, and an admirable specimen of
the high chivalric school, characteristic of
his state. They were the life and joy of
our cabin party; and seldom has Heaven
given such charms to please, and fascina-
tions to win. Never were two young ladies
so different in person, who were so
like in spirit. The eldest cousin, Louise
Claviere, was a Creole of proud French
descent. Her hair was dark as the plum-
age of the raven, and worn with a simple
polished braid entwined around her fine
head. Her complexion is indescribable.—
Her rich tone has no name. It was like the
faintest, purest snow, and almost daz-
zling but for a soft voluptuous shade, liv-

ing and glowing over it like sunlight lying
warm upon marble. The color of her
cheek was not set, but was ever beauti-
fully coming and passing away with every
emotion. With the uplifting of the bend-
ing lids of her dark rich eyes, it would suf-
fuse her cheek, but as delicately as if a
rose-leaf had been laid near, and the light
had poured through upon it. Her brows
were arched and black, and of exquisite
workmanship. Never did I conceive be-
fore the beauty that dwelt in a woman's
eyebrow. It was a study, not for a paint-
er, but for the spirit of beauty herself.—
Her eyes I have spoken of. Deep as wells
that at noon-day reflect the heavens with
its stars, they seemed themselves to be a
heaven of love and delight. It was impos-
sible to meet their dark, dangerous gaze!
The eye dropped suddenly before them
worshippingly, while the heart bounded
with emotions strange and powerful. No
woman I have seen, ever possessed like
her the wonderful power of beauty. It
was a wand which she had but to wave to
command men's homage—a talisman
which she had but to lift to enchain their
hearts—a spell which she only had to ex-
ert, and which lay in every glance, look
and motion, to overpower the soul and fill
the mind with awe and adoration.

Beauty in itself ever irresistibly and in-
stinctively commands adoration. The
first man's sin, says Budha theology, was
the worship of the woman whom God
presented to him in all the freshness of
glowing beauty, instead of her Creator.—
This principle is still existing in the
human mind. Every lover adores the ob-
ject of his attachment in degree, and it is
perhaps, only because no woman exists
(can be supposed to exist) so beautiful as
Eve, who, of necessity, united in her per-
son all the perfections of feminine loveli-
ness, that she is not now made an idol. If
any woman could command the homage
of men, and the admiration of her own
sex, it was Louise Claviere. Her beauty
did not consist in the chaste, yet voluptu-
ous outline of her face; nor in the round
and divinely sculptured cheek and throat;
nor in the majestic grace of her neck and
superb bust; nor the sweet majesty of her
whole figure; but, rather, these were the
glorious fashioning and setting of the
shapely casket which contained the bright
and intelligent mind, she seemed to be
created to love and dispense joy and hap-
piness. Every generous and lofty feeling
dwelt in her bosom—tenderness and pity
filled her glorious eyes, ready to yield
their sympathy. She was a woman whose
fate promised to be unalloyedly happy or
unlabeledly miserable—who would love
when her heart should be interested, either
for good or evil, and love with undy-
ing devotion. Her cousin Genevieve, on
the contrary, a sweet, graceful, laugh-
ing blonde, with a frank, open face, a bright
blue eye, long, soft brown hair, a mis-
chievous pouting mouth, and a cheek like
the bridal of the lily and rose. Her figure
was petite, and her motions free and light
as the doe in its wild freedom. Her coun-
sin was twenty, but she was two years
younger, and not so tall by three inches.—
She was a true child on nature. She knew
no evil, and therefore did not know that
it existed. She was as guileless as a
child. She would have been just the same
as she was if man had never fallen. I
could not but sigh as I gazed on her joy-
ous and happy face, in which one could
read her heart with all its emotions, like
an open book, to think how soon care and
sorrow would trace their lines and shad-
ows upon it. Her heart seemed to be full
of love and generous emotion for all her
race. I could conceive an angel, if one
came to dwell on earth awhile, to be like
her. There was a visible, a shade of tho't
in her eyes, I perceived, at times, and I ob-
served that her bright lips would some-
times gently compress when in repose, as
if beneath all her sweet and gentle grace,
she possessed a spirit quick and sensitive;
and one which, if called into exercise by a
generous appeal to her sympathies, would
act with decision and prompt determina-
tion. I could see that she possessed no
moral fear; that her soul was courageous.
It is thus, the gentlest and most delicate
woman sometimes present opposites in
their composition. In man, firmness and
decision of character are oftener
united with physical power; in wo-
man it is usually reversed. Genevieve,
the lovely, laughing, enchanting girl of
seventeen, had a bold and fearless spirit.
Hitherto, her existence had flown from
her heart as its source. She scarcely
knew that she possessed a spirit—a spirit
that, when once called into action, would
unfold to her a new power and character,
of which she knew not she was the pos-
sessor.

As we approached the sun-illuminated
city, I was standing beside her and Louise
Claviere on the light columned verandah,
called "The Guard," which surrounded

the boat and formed a commodious and
agreeable place of promenade. She had
in her hand a volume of Bryant's Poems,
and had just finished reading aloud his
superb address to "The Water Fowl," and
for the last ten minutes had been speaking
in a most animated and sprightly manner,
giving a just and sensible, yet playful crit-
ique upon the styles of thought of the dif-
ferent poets of America. If I was delight-
ed at the sparkling wit and humor she
evinced, I was charmed to discover in her
a deep vein of sentiment which, as she al-
luded to some "holy passages of holy tho't,"
as she expressed it, in Willis's earlier pic-
tures, softened into that tenderness of feeling
which has ever been to me proof that a
true woman is religious by nature. What
is taste in man, is in her, elevated religion;
over presenting a grateful and promising
soil for the immortal germ of Christianity
to take root and grow Heavenward.

Louise Claviere, however, was absorbed
in contemplating the glories of the sunset,
and gave no heed to the eloquent words of
her cousin, which my ears received like a
revelation. I could not help mentally
comparing them as they stood together.—
The beauty of Louise was intellectual and
physical; its effect intoxicating; its pow-
er most dangerous both to its possessor and
its victim. The beauty of Genevieve was
grace and spirituality, a divinity seemed to
breathe through her form; its effect was
touching and tender, acting upon the finer
sensibilities of the heart of the observer;
its power was to elevate and purify.

But enough of the poetry attached to our
heroines. I have written the above des-
criptions, in the vein they are given, at the
suggestion of a fair creature, scarce less
beautiful herself than Louise, scarce less
divine than Genevieve, who insists that the
description would be untrue if anything was
taken from it; and as she was a fellow
passenger and saw them, and well knew
them both, her opinion is entitled to rever-
ence. I shall therefore leave the pictures
as they are, and go into the action of my
story.

We were about a league from the town,
when the captain, who was a fine hearted,
gallant gentleman, came up to the "guard,"
where we stood, and bowing courteously,
said with a smile,

"We are now at Vicksburg, ladies, and
the mystery of our state-room will be solved."

"You shall be put down in my journal,
Captain Wardham," said Genevieve,
laughing, "as a very obstinate, and self-
willed captain, and I'll make the printers be
sure and put those words in italics! Will
you tell me, now, who is coming on board
here?"

"I do not know, fair lady," answered the
polite officer, bowing low; it was engaged
by a person in New Orleans, who said it
was by the directions of the governor of
Virginia. That is the extent of my knowl-
edge; but you will soon know."

"I wonder if it be true the governor of
Virginia is to be the passenger with us
from this place?" said Louise, suddenly
speaking in a voice the richest of the tone
of which thrilled the ear. "I should like it
very much if he were—for he is young and
intellectual, I am told."

"Is he married, cousin?" archly asked
Genevieve.

"No."

"What then can he want of a state-room
in the ladies' cabin? I shall insist on his
not occupying it, particularly if he is so el-
egant and youthful withal," answered Gene-
vieve, laughing, in a manner that showed
her resistance was not very much to be
feared, if he should prove young and hand-
some; "all governors," she added, "should
be old, and married, too."

"He belongs to one of the noblest caval-
ier families," said Louise, with animation,
speaking rather to herself than to her coun-
sin. "I would like to see one of blood of
the Stanleys, to which it is said he be-
longs."

"I care more for the heart, than the blood
that heaves it," said Genevieve. "But
look! we are close by the town! The
mystery of the state-room will now be
cleared up!"

The steamer rapidly approached the city
of terraced roofs, and at length touched
the pier as the shades of evening deepened
the purple drapery of the skies. After
half an hour's detention, during which,
with its "lesser lights," had taken the
place of day, there was heard the wheels
of a carriage rapidly driven to the pier-
head. The ladies were all standing out
upon the "guard," anxiously listening.

"They are come," cried the captain in
the tones of a man who had been a long
time impatiently waiting to start; "get re-
ady to cast off there, men!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the cheerful response
of the mate; and a man with a lantern in
his hand sprang to each of the hawsers
that confined the boat.

The carriage stops were now heard rat-

ting, as they were thrown sharply down.
By the faint and uncertain glimmer of lan-
terns moving to and fro, we could discern
three persons alight and advance towards
the boat. One of them seemed to be an
invalid, as he was wrapped in an ample
cloak, and was supported by the two oth-
ers. They advanced to the gang way plank
forward, and we lost sight of them, hidden
by the intervening wheel-house.

"Now we will know," cried Genevieve,
retiring from the guard to the ladies' sal-
oon through which the strangers were to
pass.

It was already, in part occupied by the
female passengers whom curiosity had
drawn thither to get a sight of the person-
age who had pre-engaged the best state-
room in the ladies' cabin, as he passed
through to take possession of it. Louise
took an easy and graceful position quite
at the extremity of the saloon, where her
eye could command the approach for its
whole length. Genevieve seated herself
at her feet on an ottoman, with as inno-
cent a look as if she had no curiosity in
her. At length they beheld approaching,
through the magnificent cabin, two gen-
tlemen arm in arm, preceded by the cap-
tain, whose face wore a serious expression,
which Genevieve could not believe could
have existed there. As they advanced, ev-
ery eye was turned inquiringly. A gener-
al gloom seemed to be left behind them as
they moved.

"What can be the cause of the silent
and earnest gaze with which all regard
him?" asked Genevieve breathlessly, of
her cousin.

"Hush," said the other with extraordi-
nary energy, "I have no sense but sight!"
The captain entered now the ladies' cab-
in, bowed silently and gravely to the la-
dies, and the two gentlemen followed him.
One leaned upon the other. He who sup-
ported, or seemed to support his compan-
ion, was a large, heavily built man, with a
cool, determined look and an eye of pierc-
ing blackness. He was wrapped in a
white broad-nought overcoat buttoned
across his breast, and wore a fur hat with
a broad and flapping brim. He looked
like a man of the world, and his manner
was sufficiently gentlemanly; yet, evident-
ly, he was not a gentleman. The other
was a tall, elegant young man, not more
than twenty-four years of age. His face
was exceedingly handsome, dark, intelli-
gent, and with an eye blazing with intel-
lect. He was pale, very pale; yet it was
not from illness; his looks were sad to a
painful and touching degree. No eye that
fell upon him was turned away without
the observer feeling an indefinable interest
in him.

He walked slowly and with great diffi-
culty beside his companion. As he ap-
proached the spot where Louise stood, he
lifted his hat with a melancholy air, with-
out scarce raising his eyes, as if conscious
of the presence of beauty. Genevieve
shrunk, felt her own, a second time should
meet him, and she dropped them to her
feet; for she had caught one deep, full
glance of his eyes as he entered, and it had
penetrated her soul; it was so full of sor-
row, despair, and of voiceless yet eloquent
grief. From that moment, how intense
and exciting was the interest awakened in
her virgin bosom for the unknown. She
felt that he was unhappy—how wretched
she dared not ask herself. As he was
passing, Louise, whose dark eyes sought
his, as he proudly and gratefully fell
in her inmost heart the homage he had offer-
ed her beauty, she thought she heard be-
neath his cloak, as he put down his hand
which was closely enveloped in it, a sound
the idea of which made her heart's blood
leap. The man beside him addressed a
sharp word at the same time to him. She
cast a suspicious glance at him. Half the
truth flashed upon her mind. The young
man bowed his head and walked forward,
for he had insensibly stopped before her,
and for a moment it seemed (his whole
form sank so despairingly) as if he would
have knelt at the feet of the cousins. They
thought he would do so. Why, they knew
not. They pitied him. The first step he
made, Louise heard again the sound! It
grated, too, on Genevieve's ears, it pierced
her very heart! She could have shrieked,
but her voice, her life was paralyzed! It
was the clank of chains! Louise sprang
forward, and laid her hand upon his arm.
He turned and looked in her face with his
large, pitiful eyes full of gratitude. He
read sympathy in her intense gaze of en-
ger inquiry and horror. She held him so
that he could not advance. With one
hand she grasped him hard by the arm,
with the other she wildly threw open his
collar! the cloak fell to the ground. The

"Why did you do it, cousin? My heart
bled for him as he stood exposed in chains
before all eyes, through your cruel act."

"I had seen him in my dream," she said
hoarsely, and with strong feeling, "cast
aside this cloak and beneath was his bridal
garb. I beheld, too, the stern man chang-
ed to a priest, and instead of the saloon of
this steamer, I was in a church before an
altar which was enwreathed as if for a
bridal. I flung aside his cloak, for I
would know the worst, and I beheld chains
instead of his bridal wreath—a manacled
fellow instead of a happy and glorious bride-
groom."

"And did you love him, in your dreams,
cousin?"

"Yes—with all a woman's love. I do
believe, sweet Genevieve, there were cor-
respondents between our spiritual natures.
Did you see, he would have knelt to me as
to one his soul held kindred ties with,
but for him who dragged him onwards."

"And if you loved him—I mean, cousin,
in your strange dream—you now hate him
that you find the reality is unworthy of
your love?"

"Cousin Genevieve, you little know me
or the strength of woman's affection! I
have learned to love the same pale hand-
some youth in my dreams till my heart,
waking, has assented to that it gave and
pledged while in sleep. Day by day my
mind has dwelt upon his image, till I had
no love but for him, whether it were to be
he was ever to remain visionary or prove
real!"

"And did you ever expect the form of
your dreams would prove to be a real per-
son, cousin Louise?" asked Genevieve,
whose wonder was excited by this narra-
tion.

"Yes, oh yes! I have long fed my love
with hopes, that it would one day be re-
warded!"

"And this night you have seen him in
truth?"

"But oh, in what guise manacled and
fettered!" she cried, burying her face in her
hands.

"This strange you have had such a dream!
I tremble, there seems something so su-
pernatural about it. You were always a
strange girl, cousin. And this is the secret

Pale and intellectual young stranger stood
before her chained and manacled like a
felon!

"What has he done," she cried, com-
mandingly, fixing her eyes upon the other,
in whose custody he was. "Speak, and
tell me."

"Committed a forgery," answered the
officer.

"Oh God! Oh God!" she cried with
impassioned and bitter feelings; "that the
divine forms which I have seen mingling
in my dreams from childhood, the reality
of which I have sought in vain among
mankind, should at length appear to me as
a chained criminal! Mysterious dream of
my life! Why hast thou cast a spell over
my heart, by presenting ever this face
and form for me to worship and love, yet
hiding these chains?"

"Cousin," cried Genevieve, alarmed at
the wild impassioned pathos of her look
and language, "what has come over you?
Come with me. This is no scene for either
of us."

Louise suffered herself to be led to her
room by her cousin, and the manacled
young man who had produced upon her
mind such an extraordinary effect, was led
to the state-room prepared for him in the
after cabin, as well for its privacy as for
its greater security.

"Dearest cousin, what could you mean
by exposing in such a way?" said Gene-
vieve, kissing her forehead as she inclined
her burning and throbbing temples on her
shoulder. "Poor young man said Gene-
vieve sighed."

"Do you know," said Louise, lifting her
head and looking full upon her cousin
with a bright and almost unearthly gaze
—so brightly beautiful and glorious were
her eyes at that moment, "do you know
that I have seen that same face and figure
in my dreams since I was a child? I know
not what led me, as he came on board, to
expect some extraordinary event, but I did
so. I have felt ever since I left New Or-
leans an indescribable sensation that my
happiness was in some mysterious way
connected with the person who was to oc-
cupy that state-room. I see now that my
presentiments were not unfounded. Did
you see him, how suffering he looked when
he first came in? I felt, as I gazed upon
him, that my heart was breaking. I felt
the moment had come when all my dreams
were to be realized. I had seen him in
the same cloak, too, and with him the
same stern-looking man."

"In your dreams, cousin?"

"Yes—no longer than last night I thus
beheld him; but in the dream he smiled
upon me, but I heard no clanking of chains.
If I had died for it, I could not have re-
sisted casting aside his cloak."

"Why did you do it, cousin? My heart
bled for him as he stood exposed in chains
before all eyes, through your cruel act."

"I had seen him in my dream," she said
hoarsely, and with strong feeling, "cast
aside this cloak and beneath was his bridal
garb. I beheld, too, the stern man chang-
ed to a priest, and instead of the saloon of
this steamer, I was in a church before an
altar which was enwreathed as if for a
bridal. I flung aside his cloak, for I
would know the worst, and I beheld chains
instead of his bridal wreath—a manacled
fellow instead of a happy and glorious bride-
groom."

"And did you love him, in your dreams,
cousin?"

"Yes—with all a woman's love. I do
believe, sweet Genevieve, there were cor-
respondents between our spiritual natures.
Did you see, he would have knelt to me as
to one his soul held kindred ties with,
but for him who dragged him onwards."

"And if you loved him—I mean, cousin,
in your strange dream—you now hate him
that you find the reality is unworthy of
your love?"

"Cousin Genevieve, you little know me
or the strength of woman's affection! I
have learned to love the same pale hand-
some youth in my dreams till my heart,
waking, has assented to that it gave and
pledged while in sleep. Day by day my
mind has dwelt upon his image, till I had
no love but for him, whether it were to be
he was ever to remain visionary or prove
real!"

"And did you ever expect the form of
your dreams would prove to be a real per-
son, cousin Louise?" asked Genevieve,
whose wonder was excited by this narra-
tion.

"Yes, oh yes! I have long fed my love
with hopes, that it would one day be re-
warded!"

"And this night you have seen him in
truth?"

"But oh, in what guise manacled and
fettered!" she cried, burying her face in her
hands.

"This strange you have had such a dream!
I tremble, there seems something so su-
pernatural about it. You were always a
strange girl, cousin. And this is the secret

of your repeated refusals of such numer-
ous and desirable offers of marriage!"

"No other reason, Genevieve. I firmly
believed I should one day see the real in-
dividual whom I never dreamed without
communing with!" she said with anima-
tion.

"Wonderful!" said Genevieve, shudder-
ing.

"It is to you wonderful, sweet cousin, but
not to me," she said sadly. "It is a pecu-
liarity of our race to dream of events per-
sonally interesting to us. My great grand-
father, Colonel Claviere, foretold the time
and minute circumstances of his own death
and that of Louis XIV. My grandfather
saved his own life by placing men to ar-
rest an assassin, whom he had seen in a
dream, approaching his chamber to take
his life! The assassin came at the hour
named, and was slain at the door as he
was entering. My father was not only a
seer, but foretold by dreams the exile of
his family to America, and the hour and
mode of his own death, which took place
four years afterwards by a cannon-ball, at
the battle of New Orleans. Is it wonder-
ful, then, that I should dream of one whom
I was destined one day to see?"

"This strange! I have heard something
of all this! I fear for myself, for I share
the same blood!" said Genevieve, with a
sad expression.

"It will do thee no harm."

"I tremble at the idea," she replied shud-
dering, and turning pale.

"Nay, be not childish; I need your aid!"
said Louise with animation, speaking in a
low impressive tone.

"How?"

"This young man's fate and mine are
united by destiny; and he must not lie de-
graded in chains."

"But he is guarded—a prisoner."

"I will free him!"

"He is guilty."

"Never! but were he guilty, were his
hands stained with blood, I love him, and
will share his fate, or make him free! Do
you believe him guilty?"

"I cannot; but—"

"Bless you, Genevieve, for that! He is
not guilty; I will ask him, and he will say
nay! Truth and innocence are written
on his forehead! The being my soul has
loved, with whose spirit my own has been
in communion for years, guilty? no! I
spurn the thought! Genevieve, he must
be freed!"

"I would help you, cousin; but he is
chained and closely guarded."

"I care not. I will seek him. I will
question him. I will fathom his soul. I
will prove him innocent. I will know
from his own lips wherefore he is man-
acled and held thus as a prisoner. Gene-
vieve, watch up with me to-night!"

Genevieve pressed her cousin's hand in
silent assent, and Louise, kissing her, re-
mained a few moments buried in deep
thought. Genevieve also sat thoughtful,
her mind awed by the revelation of the
mysterious dream which had given cast
and character to her cousin's whole life.—
She looked at her dark and beautiful face,
and felt a superstitious fear at being alone
in her presence. This feeling, however,
reflection enabled her to throw off from
her spirit, when she remembered that, save
her singular power of dreams, she was in
all else like herself. They remained in
their state-room till near midnight togeth-
er; during which, Louise related to her
more in detail the history of her spiritual
love!

The young stranger was taken to the re-
served state-room, and placed there by
the stern officer who held him in custody.
A heavy chain was then passed over the
two transverse chains that connected his
manacles and his fetters, and secured to a
strong iron bolt in the deck. The officer
then took his station outside without fas-
tening the door, knowing that his escape,
thus heavily chained, was impossible; be-
sides, the boat was under way in mid-riv-
er.

The prisoner, when the door was closed
on him, sat upon the side of his berth
and buried his face in his hands. Tears
trickled through his fingers and fell upon
his chains. He was agitated; his chest
heaved and his whole form seemed writh-
ing with mental anguish. All at once he
ceased this outward expression of emotion
and removed his hands from his face. It
was deadly pale.

"Yes, yes, I am a felon! The proud
and high-spirited Preston Randolph is a
chained felon! That I should ever have
seen these hands thus bound! Yes, I am
a forger! The act of one moment I must
expiate on the gallows! Yet, if ever man
had excuse for crime, I have! And am I
the villain these chains would mark me?
No, I am not stained with guilt! My soul
is not black! One act of my life is not to
make me all at once a villain! I am inno-
cent in thought and motive! I had no

strange girl, cousin. And this is the secret

(Concluded on fourth page.)

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

INFAMOUS OUTRAGE.—Two men, named Buckman and Leatherberry, co-partners in the carpenter business in the district of Spring Garden, both having wives and children, have for the past thirteen months been paying their addresses to two young females, sisters, in the assumed names of Green and Johnson. One of the females residing in Spring Garden, and the other in the city, and were both members of the church in the district. On Thursday evening last, in consequence of the suspicions of the family in which one of the females lived, in relation to her condition, and information from her obtained in consequence, Leatherberry was induced to marry her, since which time he has not been seen or heard from. His partner in business and crime was then suspected, and upon further investigation arrested and committed in default of bail. Not the slightest suspicion was excited at any time against the men, as their appearance and demeanor indicated the most honest intention on their part, until the absence of the one was noticed. The females as far as we can learn, bore irreproachable characters, and were highly esteemed in the families where they had resided, one for a year past, the other for four years. The afflictions of the families of these men, and also of the girls, under all the circumstances are beyond realization. —*Phila. Ledger.*

THE SUPERLATIVE IN VILLANY.—A recent suit at law in N. York has unmasked as great a scoundrel as ever escaped unhung. A few years since, according to the New York papers, he married a young girl in Havana, by whom he had a daughter. He afterwards seduced his wife's mother, was arrested for it, tried, condemned to transportation, was wrecked, made his escape to New York, where he was subsequently met by his wife and child and his wife's sister. This sister he also seduced, and when his own daughter had arrived at the age of 14 or 15 she too became the victim of his lust. This last villany coming to the knowledge of the authorities produced some stir, when he absconded, leaving his wife with one or two children, and taking his daughter with him as his mistress! —*Hampden Post.*

THE LEBANON STAR TELLS A GOOD RAILROAD ANECDOTE. The other day, when the cars stopped, on their way to Xenia, for a moment, a country man mounted the locomotive to see what he could learn. In the progress of his investigations he took hold of a crank and giving it a turn—with the speed of the wind, off sprang the locomotive, detached from the car, while all that could be heard from the unlucky wight was "Stop her, stop the darn'd critter!" But regardless of his cries, on it went, whizzing and snorting, and was only arrested in its progress, at the distance of 8 miles, by running off the track. No harm was done—the only inconvenience being the necessary labor and detention of getting back the truant locomotive, and the awful fright to its John Gilpin rider.

TRADES OF N. Y.—According to a table just published in New York by Mr. Doggett, the grocers of that city amount to 2,154; the importers, 1,080; lawyers, 966; tailors, 782; dry goods dealers, 727; dress makers, 687; commission merchants, 660; boarding house keepers, 650; physicians, 604; butchers, 516, etc.

A NOBLE GIFT.—The agent of the New York State Colonization Society, acknowledges the receipt of Eight hundred dollars from a "friend," by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., in response to the call made at the Tabernacle on Tuesday evening, in behalf of the recaptured Africans landed at Monrovia, from the slave Pons. The liberal donor appends to his gift an invitation to the society to call upon him again, if more funds are wanted to fit out the expedition.

Sentence was yesterday passed in the U. S. Court, and Lorin Larkin, master of the schooner *Merchant*, and Wm. Von Priester, of the *Robert Wilson*, convicted of engaging in the slave trade. The punishment was the lowest allowed by law—3 years imprisonment and \$1000 fine. —*Charleston Mercury.*

EXTENSIVE FORGERY.—A young merchant of Cincinnati, named Hubert Diss, has been detected in forgeries to the amount of \$7000. He is said to have wealthy connections, and was on the eve of marriage to a daughter of one of the most opulent merchants of the city. He made two unsuccessful attempts to commit suicide, one before, and one after his arrest, by opening blood vessels in his arm.

THE ASTOR HOUSE, New York, was set on fire in several places on the inside, on Tuesday eve of last week, by some desperate incendiaries. Great confusion was of course caused, but the fires were soon put out by the exertions of the firemen. The loss, principally by water, is from \$10,000.

MR. EZRA HOLDEN, editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, died at Washington city on Friday, of brain fever. —*Boston Post.*

THE TOWNS OF MANCHESTER, N. H., voted at the late town meeting to petition the Legislature for a City Charter. It is the largest town in New Hampshire, and sends the most representatives to the legislature, and elects the largest vote.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, April 9, 1846.

DESTITUTION IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The last steamer brought out the most deplorable accounts of destitution, amounting almost to utter starvation. In several counties in Ireland, hundreds are daily turned from the doors of the work-houses unable to procure admission, or the privilege of laboring for bread, while thousands may be seen roving over old potatoe fields like herds of swine, seeking for the half rotted potatoe which escaped the hand of the gatherer last fall, and total decomposition during the winter. With these they have to satisfy their hunger, and are actually dying for want of food. The number of paupers in the kingdom is not less than four millions of souls, the lives of two-thirds of which must be hastened by want.

In Liverpool forty thousand people live in cellars, without windows or any means of light or ventilation excepting the door. In other portions of the kingdom the condition of the poor is full as deplorable. No nation under heaven has so great an amount of misery in its borders as Great Britain, a country which expends fifteen hundred thousand dollars, upon the Queen and her family—a nation which exhibits such sympathy for the poor and oppressed of our own happy country, a nation that is expending millions for the purpose of carrying on a war of conquest with us for a little territory on our Northwest borders.

If the mercy and forgiving spirit of Heaven is sufficient, to forgive her hypocrisy and pardon her wrongs, that mercy we should be bound to adore.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD.—We would state for the benefit of our readers, that the cars leave this place for the west, at 11 o'clock and about 40 minutes A. M., and 7 o'clock and about 13 minutes P. M. For the East 7 o'clock about 45 minutes A. M., and 2 o'clock 11 M. P. M. We make the foregoing statement from our knowledge of the passing of the cars, not officially. We may be permitted to add that we suppose it was contemplated by the Legislature which chartered the road, that any citizen living in the vicinity of the road, between Worcester and Springfield and Springfield and Pittsfield, might take the cars at the different stations by paying fare, notwithstanding we might reasonably draw a different conclusion, as the managers of the road advertise their notices of "time and fare" in the Springfield and Pittsfield papers, on the line only, which seems to suppose that the citizens of other towns have no occasion for taking the cars, or of knowing the time of their arrival and departure.

ALBERT J. TIRRELL.—This unfortunate individual on receiving a verdict of Not Guilty for the murder of Maria Bickford, week before last, was remanded to prison to await his trial for arson, for which he is indicted. The result of his recent trial is such as might have reasonably been expected, considering the uncertainty which hung around the tragical end of Miss Bickford—it was the only verdict which the jury could give from the evidence adduced. It is generally believed that Tirrell is her murderer, that he committed the crime of arson—to veil by the fire his enormous crime—but the jury were to render a verdict according to the testimony—not from their belief of his innocence—hence his acquittal. One absurdity set up for his defence, to wit—that if he killed Maria Bickford he did it in a state of somnambulism, was not considered by the jury in giving their verdict. Mr. Choate was for the Defendant, and Mr. Parker for the Commonwealth.

ANOTHER DAILY IN HAMPTON COUNTY.—We have seen the first number of the Daily Springfield Gazette, published by Messrs. William Stow and Horace S. Taylor, at Springfield. It is a respectable sheet in size and typographical execution, and edited by Mr. Stow, which is sufficiently complimentary to the manner of its being conducted, as he has for years been favorably known in this vicinity as the efficient and popular editor of the Springfield Gazette. It is a political paper—opposed to the General Administration—and as we learn by its daily political contemporary, the Daily Republican is established at the instance of monied friends, (the best of all friends for public journals,) to promulgate the views of the REAL ULTRAS of the party. *Vive la Gazettee.*

DAILY REPUBLICAN.—This daily has recently been enlarged and now makes as genteel an appearance, as any city daily with which we are acquainted of the price. It has been published about two years, and conducted as we had supposed with satisfaction to its political friends. Its general tone has been discreetly dignified, moderate, but unyielding. Success to the Daily Republican.

A Bill for reinstating the salaries of the Judges and Registers of Probate, passed the House of Representatives last Friday. Every Representative from Hampshire and Hampden county voted against it, excepting Mr. Marsh of Springfield. We shall speak further of high salaries—low salaries and appropriate salaries anon.

INDEPENDENT TREASURY BILL.—This Bill, the leading measure of Mr. Van Buren's Administration, is like to be re-enacted at the present session of Congress. It has passed the House of Representatives by a strict party vote, and the same result awaits it in the Senate. The measure is decidedly popular with the Democracy of the Nation, and as universally obnoxious to the whigs. For ourselves we can see nothing very objectionable in its features; neither can we discover anything about it like to prove practicable or beneficial to the country.

THE TELEGRAPH.—The Magnetic Telegraph between Springfield and Boston, we learn, does not operate very well—owing to the wood by which the wires are fastened to the poles. The wooden blocks are to be taken off, and glass knobs to be substituted.

A night train is to be run on the Western Railroad, about the 15th, from Albany to Boston, arriving at Springfield about midnight. Fare \$3.00.

A HIGHER STRIKE.—The Irishmen employed on the Railroad between Cabotville and Chicopee Falls, made a strike for higher wages on Wednesday of last week. Their wages previously had been raised to five shillings, but they now ask for one dollar per day. On the first of May their wages were to be raised; but they would not wait, and are now thrown out of employ, as the contractors will not again set them to work.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—The following note on the eclipse of the sun, which will take place on the 25th of this month, two weeks from next Saturday, is copied from Siliman's Journal:

"On Saturday, the 25th of April, there will be an eclipse of the sun, which, altho' but partial, even where largest in the United States, will, without doubt be carefully observed by every astronomer, as it will also be visible in Great Britain, and therefore of great value for the determination of his longitude from Greenwich, and as it will be the last large eclipse that will be visible to us for upwards of eight years, and the last that will be total to us for upwards of 23 years, or to August seventh, 1869.

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.—NEW ARRANGEMENT.—On Wednesday of last week, we learn that the Connecticut River Railroad Company commenced running two separate trains of cars, for the accommodation of the travelling public between Springfield and Northampton via Cabotville. The travel on this road is large, and constantly increasing.

A REAL GIANT.—There is in Kentucky a man who keeps a public house on the bank of the Ohio, who is a sort of human mastodon. A clerical correspondent of the Christian Watchman lately paid him a visit, and says that he is a perfect wonder in human shape, walking like an elephant and looking like a man from another world. He measures eight feet and six inches in height.

GREAT COUNTERFEITER DEAD.—Dr. Charles F. Mitchell, the notorious counterfeiter, died of consumption in the city of Philadelphia, week before last. He was one of the most expert counterfeiters in the country, especially in any execution required of the pen. This man spent many years in prison.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN is as independent as a hog on ice. The *Chicopee Telegraph*, after advising us not to grumble because the editor won't let us have the Ploughman, says—"He refuses to exchange with us; but we are not disposed to grumble about it. The Ploughman has more subscribers now than it had when it was as young as the *Telegraph*." We acted as agent for it then, and used all our efforts to introduce it in our neighborhood; and did introduce it; procured subscribers and paid the money out of our pocket, trusting to luck to collect it from subscribers (some of which we have not got yet however)—have taken his paper and paid for it until since we commenced the publication of the *Telegraph*. Now, Mr. Sentinel, if you please, stop that grumbling! If, you small bugs, will exchange with you, and try to send you about as large a paper as the *Ploughman*. It may not always have Quincy Market in it, but in other respects we will try to make it, as nearly as possible, equal to the *Ploughman*."

Oh, certainly, Mr. *Telegraph*, we'll stop grumbling, now, and thankfully accept of your generous offer, as we shall thereby get a larger, better and cheaper paper. Now our ire has somewhat cooled down, we don't know as we blame the editor of the *Ploughman* for not exchanging with us, as we presume he knew that with the addition of the Quincy Market, we might get some of his subscribers possibly.

TELEGRAPH.—The posts for the Telegraph between Philadelphia and Baltimore, have been set up as far as Wilmington, and in a few days more, it is thought that telegraphic communications between that city and Wilmington may be transmitted.

There was a shock of earthquake very sensibly felt at Maysville, Ky. on the 22d ult.

For the Palmer Sentinel, Oregon.

NUMBER X.
The Expedition under Lewis and Clarke—Extent of Louisiana—Spanish title admitted.

In previous numbers, a full account was given of the Spanish acts on the coast of Oregon, from which is deducible a perfect title to the northern part of the territory. There was embraced in that account some of the acts by Americans, which constitute the grounds of our claim to the southern part. Those of Kendrick and Gray were particularly described. They were re-discoveries and examinations of every river, harbor and island on the coast between the 46th and 56th parallels. They were acts of public utility, performed in anticipation of their beneficial results to our country. It is remarkable, and honorable to the memory of these two Americans that, in the two voyages made by them they should have achieved more than all the English voyagers who ever visited the shores of Oregon.

The discoveries, explorations and other things effected by Lewis and Clarke, under public authority, contributed much to strengthen the claim.

Under the belief that Louisiana extended to the Pacific, Mr. Jefferson, in 1803, recommended to the Senate an examination of the country west of the Rocky Mountains. For this purpose, in 1804, Captains Merriweather Lewis and William Clarke, were put in command of an expedition consisting of about thirty intelligent and hardy men; but delays and difficulties incidental to a preparation for the undertaking, prevented that year its progress beyond Saint Louis. In 1805, they crossed the Chippewyan mountains, and traced the Oregon river from its sources to its mouth, from the summits of the back bone of the American continent, to the deep and wide spread reservoir for the waters of the whole earth. They were encamped during the first part of the winter, on the north side of the estuary of the river; and the last part on the south side, where they built a fort which was called *Fort Clatsop*. During their sojourn in that region, they maintained a friendly intercourse with the Indians, who were then numerous, treating them with kindness, and advising them, in all matters for their best good.

In May, 1806, they left for the States, and arrived at Saint Louis in September following. They were the first of all civilized men to discover the sources of the Oregon; and to examine its currents and its banks; and to learn the condition of the benighted inhabitants of that wilderness. Finally they brought home for the benefit of the world a great amount of valuable information, both of the physical and moral characters of the different regions explored by them. The expedition itself was a public taking possession of the country, and a public assertion of our rights in it. Louisiana did not, as I believe, extend beyond the summit line of the Rocky Mountains. It was first occupied by the French, and in 1762, was ceded by that nation to Spain. No very definite boundaries were given, in this conveyance. It was "all Louisiana," as described in the patent from Louis XIV. to Antoine Crozat, made just fifty years previous to this session, granting him the exclusive trade of the country. The patent, after giving the southern and eastern limits, declares that "the river Saint Louis, formerly called the Mississippi, from the sea coast to the Illinois country, together with the rivers Saint Philip, formerly called the Missouri * * * and the rivers falling directly or indirectly into that part of the river Saint Louis, shall be, and remain comprised under the name of the Government of Louisiana." Thus it appears by these indefinite limits that Louisiana stretched no farther westward than the head waters of the Missouri and Platte rivers, which of course are not westward of the Rocky Mountains. Spain, in 1800, retroceded that country to France, who in 1803, conveyed it to the United States, with the same territorial limits belonging to it while the property of Spain.

It is not essential in making out a valid claim, to show that any part of Oregon was embraced in the Louisiana purchase. It is sufficient to establish the facts that the claim of Great Britain is groundless, and all her pretensions to a right of sovereignty false or futile; that Spain had a just and strong claim to the whole territory—a perfect title to the northern part until its conveyance in 1819 to the United States—a good title to the remaining part which intervenes California and the southern shore of Foca's sea, until the United States by virtue of meritorious acts of their citizens acquired a better.

I had said all that was necessary concerning the title derived from Spain; but seeing a disposition in some of our editors to deny its validity; and necessarily advertising to the subject in the account of Louisiana; such further evidence may with propriety be added, as British subjects, and the British Government itself have voluntarily, honestly and unguardedly furnished.

Up to the quit claim of 1819, the Spaniards regarded the whole country north of New Mexico to the Russian possessions, as an identical part of their California. It is abundantly evident that Great Britain so regarded it. She has done much in recognition of the Spanish rights in that

quarter. In fact she never presumed to dispute them, nor contest the claim of the United States until the Americans began to colonize the territory. She and her most understanding subjects have often admitted that they had no rights of territory or sovereignty on that side of America. In 1739, she acknowledged the paramount rights of Spain, and treated for certain privileges on that coast.

Mr. Burk, an English historian, in his account of the European settlements in America, written in 1761; admits the right of Spain to all the territory on the west side of N. America. "The Spaniards as they first discovered the continent, have the largest and richest share in it. All that part of it which comprises the isthmus of Mexico, and what is beyond that towards the river Mississippi on the east the Pacific ocean on the west and northwest. On a map attached to his work, 'drawn from the best modern maps and charts, by Emmon Bowen, Geographer to his Majesty,' are laid down the Spanish possessions. North of the 44th parallel, is written 'parts undiscovered.' It followed, that Britons claimed no territory south of this parallel, and knew nothing of any north of it. They did not then think to make Drake's voyage the basis of a claim. The Nootka Sound convention recognized the Spanish claim in 1790; and I shall in the proper place, clearly prove that the stipulations of this convention did not in the least invalidate the claim; and that Spain did not surrender by them, the smallest fraction of her rights in Oregon. Mr. Fox, in his speech in Parliament relative to that treaty, remarked that they had acquired nothing—had only obtained security for what they possessed before. Mr. Belsham another English historian whose works are of as great celebrity has declared 'that the Spanish flag flying at Nootka was never struck, and that the territory has been virtually relinquished by Great Britain.' I have not discovered, that this declaration has ever been publicly contradicted.

HALL J. KELLEY.

Answer to the Enigma in our last is Almighty Power. Correctly answered by Miss A. McG., Miss J. D. and G. M. S., Palmer Depot; T. V. K., B. M. K. and E. B. M., Thorndike; E. B. G., Palmer; J. E. S., Chicopee Falls; A. L. S., Boston, Mass.; W. W., Monson; D. S., Palmer Depot; T. E. S., Nashua, N. H.; H. M. T., and T. E. F., Hollis, N. H.

Answer to the Riddle is to be found in the 17th verse of the 1st chapter of Jonah. Correctly answered by A. C. B., Palmer Depot; F. B., Blanchardsville; T. E. S., Nashua, N. H.; Mrs. L. S. & O. E. Wales.

"INDUSTRY MUST PROSPER."—We feel that we are under lasting obligations to our friends and patrons for the many favors we have received at their hands—that our present prosperity must in a great measure be attributed to their free and generous souls. With this number, our first quarter expires—but not the Sentinel—on the contrary, we are alive, and in a flourishing condition—having more subscribers than we expected to have at the end of the year. Added to this a good share of Jobbing, we trust by strict attention to business that we shall continue to share our part of the public patronage.

For The Sentinel.
NASHUA, March 30, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—At the commencement of the publication of the Palmer Sentinel, I anticipated much entertainment from its weekly perusal, and I can truly say that I have not as yet been disappointed.

AN ACROSTIC.

Pay the printer then you will find
A feast of "fat things" to your mind,
Look the PALMER SENTINEL closely through,
Miscellany, Items and Enigmas too
Every week, and I am sure that you'll agree
Recommended the Publishers should ever be.
Success to those who labor to improve,
Each week in knowledge's garden may they rove,
Nought ebbing but the beautiful and pure,
That will the ways of charity ensure.
In all your arduous duties may you find
No want of patrons, money or of mind,
Ever may your little sheet in truth excel,
Long live and flourish the PALMER SENTINEL.
T. E. S.

The above is an Acrostical answer to the Enigma in our paper of March 26. We received it with the greatest pleasure imaginable, it being from a friend who was the first to subscribe and to pay for our sheet. Yankes always recollect.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We acknowledge the receipt of a Val. Pub. Doc. from the Hon. Geo. Ashmun, M. C.

Also, Poetry, &c., from M. A. M., Three Rivers.

The Mechanic's Offering, Extra, from Publishers, containing some of the laws that were passed in March, '45. We will keep from breaking them, if possible, Mr. Offering.

WARM WEATHER.—We begin to feel summer approaching with its hot and sultry air, blowing gently from the sunny south, making the buds of the trees open to wave in its invigorating breeze, and the earth to put on its green coat of vegetation, and throw aside the old white garb of winter.

We understand there is sleighing in the northern part of New Hampshire. It does not feel much like it here.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A certain judge, meeting a minister mounted on a very fine horse, said to some gentlemen who were with him. "Do see what a fine horse that priest has, I should like to crack a joke with him." "Doctor," said he to the minister, "you do not follow the example of your great Master, who humbly contented himself with riding on an ass." "Indeed," returned the minister, "that was my intention; but of late so many asses have been made judges, that a poor minister, though ever so willing, can hardly find one to ride on.—*Boston Traveller.*

A lady in conversation, insisting that she was only thirty years old, and some appearing to doubt it, appealed to a gentleman who sat near her, and asked his opinion about it. "Cousin," said she, "do you think I am right, or not, when I say I am only thirty?" "It must certainly be as you say, for you have uniformly said so these ten years."

President Webber, of Cambridge, Colledge, when sailing one day with company for pleasure, accidentally fell overboard.—After sinking pretty deep, he at length came up, and, raising his head above the surface of the water, gravely observed, "it is expected gentlemen, that you will find me a rope." That's what we should call "taking it cool."

A person lately deceased in Bradford, England, after providing for the apprenticeship of his three sons, bequeathed £5000 to his widow, but on condition that she marry within six months after his decease. She is said to be very good looking and will have no great difficulty in complying with his injunction.

When love assumes the shape of tears, beware—remember it is the warmth of summer days that causes the showers.

A bashful wooer, not long since, wishing to pop the question, did it in the following singular manner—taking up the young lady's cat, he said, "pussy may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, who said, "say yes, pussy."

Learning is obtained only by labor—it cannot be bought with money; otherwise the rich would be uniformly intelligent.

Learning that hides its head in the cloud is as useless as ignorance that buries its face in a mole hill.

A New Orleans paper, speaking of some late chilly weather, says it was "Southern weather, with Northern principles."

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a female to her visitors, one day. "I am at home myself, and I wish you all were."

Columbus, Ohio, has recently taken the census, from which it appears that her gain is very great. In 1840 she had 6050, now she returns 10,020 inhabitants.

Week before last, Samuel Brown, a convict, employed in the yard of the State Prison, Charlestown, managed to walk off unobserved among some visitors. He was not dressed in the usual prison garb.

A fellow climbed one of the poles of the Magnetic Telegraph, in Baltimore, the other day, and applied his ear to the wires, in order to hear the news.

There is a baby three years old at New Castle, Penn., which weighs one hundred and ten pounds, and measures 36 inches around the chest.

An Irish gentleman, with much naivete, recently remarked, that such probably would soon be the expedition of traveling by steam, that one could go from Boston to Washington in a shorter time than he could stop at home.

Mike Walsh dates a bulletin from Blackwell's Island in this wise:—"My friends excuse me for not attending the several balls for which I received special invitations during the early part of last week as I was confined to my room on the nights in question, although my own opinion is, that my health would not have suffered a particle from exposure to the night air."

The Westfield Newsletter says—The man who lives by borrowing newspapers, has got the meanest profession that exists. He robs himself—he robs his neighbor, and robs the Printer. Such a man must be made up of small materials.

ATTENTION, GIRLS.—Ye who want to see natural curiosities, now is your time!—The Caddo Gazette states that the young men in that town are continually growling because of the scarcity of girls—marrying girls.

There's one or two in Windham, N. H., Mr. Gazette. We talk of going that way one of these days.

Go to strangers for charity, to acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing, and you will always have a full supply.

The mother of Wm. Freeman, the Auburn murderer, was of Indian origin, and went from Pittsfield, Mass.

Old Capt. Gibbs, who made 180 passages from Boston to Trinidad without losing a spar, lost his vessel in the late gale.

The Barque Marietta, which is freighted at Cincinnati with produce for Boston attracts much attention.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Monday, March 30.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill concerning the crime of murder, and it was further discussed, but no question was taken.

In the House, the resolves in favor of the tariff and protective policy were reached, and Mr. Hopkins of Northampton, opposed their passage upon the ground that it would not produce any effect upon Congress. As an expression of the opinion of Massachusetts in favor of protection, it was not at this late day required.

On motion of Mr. Stevens, of Andover, the further consideration of the subject was assigned for Friday next, at 11 of the clock.

Passed to be enacted.—Bills, for supplying Boston with pure water; the relief of insolvent debtors and the more equal distribution of their effects.

Tuesday, March 31.

In the Senate Messrs. Willard and Allen were appointed on the joint committee to consider what compensation should be made to the clerks.

The bill concerning the crime of murder, after a long discussion was rejected by a vote of 17 yeas to 19 nays.

In the House Messrs. Gridley, of Amherst, and Page of New Bedford, also supported the bill.

The amendments proposed to the bill were rejected, and it was then voted, 96 to 91, that the bill be passed, and the committee rose, reported progress, and had leave to sit again.

The question was now on ordering the bill to a third reading.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, of Natick, \$2,100 was substituted for \$2,300, as the salary of the chief justice—76 to 74. The question was then taken by yeas and nays, and the bill, as amended, was carried—115 to 93.

Wednesday, April 1.

In the Senate the bill to change the punishment for the crime of Treason from death to imprisonment for life, was ordered to a third reading by a vote of 29 yeas to 5 nays.

The bill making a similar change in the punishment for the crime of Rape, was refused a third reading by a vote of 12 yeas to 21 nays.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, on the subject of salaries.

A motion to report to the House that it is inexpedient to legislate on an order respecting a change in the salaries of Probate officers in the Commonwealth, was adopted.

Friday, April 3.

In the Senate the bills concerning arson and treason were passed to be engrossed.

In the House the debate on the salaries of judges was resumed.

The discussion was general and Messrs. Wales, Taylor, Chandler, Barton and Ryder, entered into it very fully. Mr. Chandler sounded the tocsin of the whig party, appealed to their patriotism, to walk right up and "kill the 1840 retrenchment dead as a stone." The yeas and nays were then ordered to Mr. Barton's amendment to establish all salaries of Judges and Registers of Probate to what they were in 1842, which resulted in adopting it by a vote of 144 to 107.

After adopting the amendment for raising the salaries, the yeas and nays were called on the passage of the bill to a third reading, and it was passed by a vote of 109 to 103, thus undoing all the doings of the domestic legislature of 1843 in the shape of retrenchment!

Saturday, April 4.

In the Senate one very interesting resolution was made, namely, that the Legislature rise on the 15th inst.

Their other business related to corporations.

In the House was taken up, by special assignment the bill to give licenses to hawkers and peddlers.

Congress.

Monday, March 30.

In the Senate, General Houston appeared as the Senator elect from the State of Texas, was qualified and took his seat.

In drawing for classes, Gen. Houston drew 1847, and Gen. Rusk drew 1851.

The Senate took up the resolutions of Mr. J. M. Clayton, calling on the President for copies of any further correspondence that may have taken place between the British Government and that of the United States on the Oregon question.

Mr. Webster presented his views on the subject. He is impressed with the idea that public opinion, in both countries, is settling down upon 49, as the line of demarcation between the British and American possessions on the North West Coast.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the deficiencies of the present fiscal year was passed and the Sub-Treasury bill was taken up.

Tuesday, March 31.

In the Senate—Mr. Cass addressed the Senate in a speech of great length, and gotten up with evident care. He began by defending himself and those who thought with him, from the charges of ultraism, and intemperate zeal in this Oregon matter. He quoted from a speech of Lord Brougham, in which abusive allusions to him (Mr. Cass) were made, and expressed his belief that on the score of de-

corum the debate in the Senate would compare favorably with that in the British Parliament.

In the House the Independent Treasury bill was discussed, and the debate was ordered to be brought to a close on Thursday, April 3d.

Wednesday, April 1.

In the Senate the Oregon debate was resumed and Mr. Benton took the floor. He said that yesterday Gen. Cass had avowed that it could be established, that the line of 49 degrees was established between the possessions of France and England west of the Rocky Mountains to the Ocean, under the treaty of Utrecht, he would withdraw his opposition to that line. Now he was ready to prove that such a line was run and established. He proceeded in his powerful way, to substantiate this statement for an hour and a half.

Mr. Hannegan rose to reply to Mr. Benton and answered him well.

In the House the debate upon the Sub-Treasury bill was continued, and nothing else was done.

Thursday, April 2.

In the Senate after the morning business, Mr. Cass replied to the remarks offered yesterday by Mr. Benton.

Mr. Webster then propounded two questions, to which he solicited the attention of the gentlemen on the opposition side, touching the origin of the 49th parallel as a line of demarcation.

The entire session was occupied in this matter, and at a quarter to three o'clock the Senate proceeded to executive business.

The House took final action on the independent treasury bill, which passed that body.

Friday, April 3.

In the Senate a message was received from the President respecting the N. E. Boundary, and Mr. Webster made some remarks upon it. Mr. Ashley, of Arkansas, delivered a sound and practical speech in favor of the notice.

The House, in Committee of the Whole discussed the Cumberland Road Bill.

Saturday, April 4.

In the Senate Mr. McDuffie made just such a speech as might have been expected from a person who, sometime since, said he would send a son of his to Botany Bay as soon as to Oregon.

The House was engaged on the Private Calendar.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

Nashville, March 15th '46.

The city exhibited a scene on yesterday afternoon and evening, of one of the most cruel mobs it has ever been my lot to witness. It originated in a case of slander about the wife of Mr. Porterfield, who attacked Mr. Judson—who they say has formerly published a paper in your city—famously known as Ned Buntline—and fired three times without hitting, when Judson drew and shot him above the eye.

It caused great excitement—Judson was taken to the Court House for the purpose of hanging him in the square, when a brother of Porterfield came up to shoot him. Judson ran and took refuge in the City Hotel, having no less than ten to fifteen shots fired at him without touching him. The mob still pursuing him, he ran up to the third story and jumped out at the back way, breaking one of his thighs in the fall and throwing him senseless. Supposing him to be dying he was taken to the jail.

Last night at about 10 o'clock, finding that he was still alive, the mob broke into the jail, maimed and almost naked, they threw him into the street, to be hung.

He begged for a minister—which was denied him—he feared not death, but requested to be shot, and begged that if there was any gentleman present he would shoot him. They took him to the square and run him over the rail of an awning post; the rose broke and he fell, when he was taken back to jail, where he lies to die some time during the night.

Mr. Porterfield was buried this afternoon—take it all in all, it was worthy of the Reign of Terror in France. I was present and attended closely to all that occurred of last night's proceedings. The Cincinnati Gazette says that Judson is the author of the well known article published in various magazines, and still continued, we believe, in the Knickerbocker, signed Ned Buntline. He was formerly midshipman in the U. S. Navy.

SHIP HENRY CLAY ASHORE.—The new and splendid Liverpool packet ship Henry Clay, belonging to Grinnell, Minturn & Co. N. Y., went ashore on Squam Beach, N. J., (near where the John Minturn was lost) during the storm on Tuesday night the 24th. The masts were soon after cut away and the ship commenced leaking. A number of the crew and passengers attempted to go ashore in a boat, but she was unfortunately stove in by a sea, and six persons—four passengers and two seamen—were drowned. The others were drawn ashore with much difficulty. There were about 300 passengers on the vessel, all of whom were got off safe in the course of the day or two. The ship was insured for \$40,000, and her cargo for \$20,000. She cost \$90,000. The Henry Clay was on her return from Liverpool, at the time of this disaster. The vessel will not probably prove an entire wreck, and some think she will be got off without very serious damage—the result is, however, doubtful.

THE DESTRUCTIVE FRESHET ON THE PENOBSCOT.—We gave, on Tuesday, the substance of a letter from Bangor, received just as we were going to press, detailing some of the particulars of the terrible freshet on the Penobscot. We have since received the Bangor Mercury, containing further particulars. The city has been deluged with water, and immense quantities of property, and it is feared some lives have been lost. The estimated loss is very large. The Mercury thinks it cannot be less, on the river, including the city, than a million of dollars. The following letter from our correspondent, is as late as any thing received, and gives a summary, and we have no doubt, very correct, account of matters, up to Monday:

BANGOR, March 30.

Yesterday was a strange Sunday in this city—the churches comparatively empty, some of them not opened at all, and a large proportion of the people in the streets, some of them looking upon the scenes that were passing—some exerting themselves to secure property in peril. The ice began to snap and move on Saturday and the water to rise. Saturday night about midnight, it moved a small distance and formed a jam, which brought the water back into the principal business streets—rising nearly to tops of the doors of the buildings. At this point it remained, through the day, Sunday, till about 7 o'clock, P. M. when the ice started below and all moved out. And in an instant the water fell away, and retired into its bed. The ice of course carried much that was valuable with it. The mills at the Corporation, (as it is called) which had been rented the present season for \$15,000; the bridge across the Penobscot; the three bridges across the Kenduskeag, and numerous buildings in the way of the sweep, lumber, &c., were carried away. But still far less property has been destroyed than was anticipated; a large part of the valuable lumber being left behind the cakes of ice, on the wharves.

It is a flood, I am told, the like of which has never been known on this river, and may not be repeated in half a century. The thickness of some of the ice piled on the wharves is almost incredible. Some say twenty feet thick. But you know very well, that the tendency at such a time is strongly to exaggeration; when the river is rising, stories swell in about the same proportion. This morning presents a scene of strange confusion, and it must be many days before things can be put into much order. The people have great reason to recognize the good Hand of God which has brought them so soon and so gently out of their trouble. It might have been vastly worse than it is.—*Boston Traveller.*

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—The annual election of the State of "Old Connecticut" took place on Monday last, and terminated rather unexpectedly auspicious for the Democratic party. The primary cause we suppose to be the License question, as the fulness of the votes precludes the possibility of attributing it to old "General Apthay" and his troops. The whigs being in power passed a license law as unpopular as the 15 gallon act, of which the memory of many is quite distinct in this State, and it appears the same fate awaits it. The Democrats triumphed over the election of '39 in this Commonwealth, but, as it proved over an everescent, empty victory, for the ten thousand whigs opposed to the law, and who voted with Democrats on obtaining a repeal of the law, joined their old allies and left the Democrats in a twenty thousand minority the next year. The Springfield Republican intimates that such will be the result in Connecticut.

RHODE ISLAND.—The annual election in Rhode Island came off on the first. The Law and order and the Liberation or Dorr candidate, run within 70 votes of each other—the scattering vote defeated an election. The Legislature is Law and Order.

TOWN ELECTIONS.—The elections in Brimfield and Wilbraham on Monday last resulted in the choice of a "liberal" board of Selectmen in both places. By "liberal" we mean those who will appropriate Innholders and retailers of spirituous liquors. The Commissioners meet on Tuesday next and if they act in accordance with their established custom, licenses will be granted in the above towns, as well as in Monson and Palmer, and probably in Holland and Wales. We believe the same towns were licensed last year, with the exception of Monson.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—Monday, Apr. 6. (Reported for the Daily Advertiser.) At Market, 300 Beef Cattle, 50 pairs Working Oxen, 40 Cows and Calves, 450 Sheep, and 2700 Swine.

Prices.—Beef Cattle—Sales of extra at 6.50, first quality 6.00—second 5.25 to 5.50; third 4.50 to 5.00. Working Oxen—Sales noticed at \$20, \$23, \$26, \$30, \$31, \$34 and \$114. Cows and Calves—Dull. Sales noticed at \$20, \$21, \$23, \$26, \$27, \$30, \$32 and 1 at \$40. Sheep—Very poor in quality and scarce; sales of lots at \$3, 3.37 and 4.25. Swine—Sales brisk; at wholesale a 1-2 c for sows and 3-1-2 c for barrows; at retail from 3-1-2 to 6-1-2 c.

N. B. A lot of Still Cattle are expected over the Western Rail Road, in the middle of the week.—(Traveller.)

HAMS, DRIED BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.—all for sale low at the depot store.

POTASH for sale at the depot store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

"It" Among the most distressing maladies are those which internal remedies fail to alleviate, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and a catalogue of other similar ailments to which humanity is subject. A variety of nostrums are advertised as panaceas for these painful visitations, but one article we know, if not infallible, is at least almost so, in effecting a cure—we allude to *Hunt's Liniment*, which is certified for its healing qualities, by the most eminent men in the medical profession, as well as by a host of most respectable persons who have experienced its benefits. The cures it has accomplished partake so much of the marvellous, that one's faith is taxed in giving credence to them; but we are assured that even incipient deformity has been checked, and we believe the fact to be beyond controversy. In that dreadful disease, Rheumatism, the application of the Liniment has never failed to give relief to the sufferer; indeed in all cases where an external remedy can be effectual, this has been found eminently so. The Proprietor is a highly respectable gentleman, occupying a responsible station under government, and this fact may be considered a guarantee, that the Liniment is not to be classed among the prevailing charlatanism of the day. It is sold by most of the respectable Druggists throughout the country.

The Liniment is sold by D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

JUST PUBLISHED! GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. BUCHAN, M. D. of London, England. Includes a Portrait of the Author, and Engraving of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 CENTS.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs; an outline of Dr. Buchan's highly successful method of treating Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption—on account of his new and powerful remedy—and directions for self-management and cure, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experience in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Consumption.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, "a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and Dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

Wales, April, 1846. P. S.

Wanted Immediately. A T. G. H. HUDSON & CO., Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment, 8 or 10 first rate Tailors, to whom first rate wages will be paid, and steady employment given. 13-31

Ware, April 7, 1846.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS

AND DEALERS IN ALL THE VARIETIES OF English, German, French and American Broadcloths, Cassimeres, & Vesting.

—ALSO—In ready made clothing, and Gents' furnishing goods, at the Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment, WARE VILLAGE, MASS. 13

Dissolution.

THE copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of F. C. MERRICK & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm, are requested to pay immediately. F. C. MERRICK is authorized to receive payments of all demands due the late firm. F. C. MERRICK, F. M. CAREW.

Palmer Depot, April 1, 1846. 13

Spoons! Spoons!

JUST received an assortment of Table, Tea, Salt and Mustard Silver Spoons. Also, Plated Britannia do, do. McGILVRAY & CO.

Grass Seeds.

McGILVRAY & CO. offer for sale 5000 lbs Clover Seed; 200 bush Tim. seed; 50 bush Red Top. Also, all kinds of Garden seeds.

M. A. NEEDHAM, HAS just returned with the latest Spring Fashions, for

Dresses, Hats, Caps, from Springfield, Hartford, Broadway, N. Y. Also, a case of Dress Caps, from Broadway, N. Y.—something entirely new. Laces, Ruche, Parletois muslins, Tinsel Flowers for the Hair, Slides for Sashes, Shawl Pins, &c. &c. Particular attention paid to repairing old Straw and Tussan. 12-16

Palmer Depot, April 1st.

CARPENTER & JOBBING SHOP.

THE subscriber having opened a new Carpenter and Jobbing Shop, near Palmer Depot, on the first of April next, where he will be happy to execute all orders in his line of business, with which he may be favored. He designs to finish after the latest and most approved style of

Architecture, Drafts, Plans, and Elevations, executed with neatness. Also, Bills of Timber and Lumber. All work entrusted to his hands will be done with dispatch and in a

WORKMANLIKE MANNER, and by attention to business and faithfulness in the performance of all orders, he hopes to merit the patronage of his friends and the public.

7-3m N. W. PRIME.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office, at Palmer Depot, April 1st, 1846.

Adams Ellen S Kingsbury N
Butter Warren Lyman J E
Bishop Marshall Lebon Henrietta
Board Andrew Moore John
Bliss Miss Eliza May David
Brooks Mrs Charlotte M Kenn Joseph
Chase Abner Mead Dr W B
Chapin Miss Clarissa Moulton Orson
Clifford Mortimer E Nichols F D
Cooley Miss Mary B Smith S W
Fenton Elvira M Skinner Mrs Harriet
French Samuel Shaw Samuel D
Fisk Abel Smith Moses G
Foster Charles D Weld E P
Fowle S Wheeler Wm
Harrington John Wood J D 2
Hannum David B Wardwell Hannah
Jackson Lucy Ann Whitman J S
Kimball Charles Young Mrs Adelia A
N. B. Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say Advertiser.

JOHN BOWLES, P. M.

THE PILES! A Cure for Life Guaranteed!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY FOR THE PILES, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Stomach, and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammation and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an Internal Remedy—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Hemorrhoids, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—speedy and permanent. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at \$1.50 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and removing the cause, renders the cure certain and permanent.

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the Electuary was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Stomach, and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the immoderate use of Mercury, or other cause, for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofula effects, in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's Electuary is entirely curative.

The Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all inflammatory diseases, without pain or irritation, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guaranteed.—The Electuary contains no Mineral Medicine; no Ales, Colic, Colic, Colic, or other powerful and irritating Purgatives. It is a mild and safe medicine, and its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions a cure for life is guaranteed.

Famphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis. J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston. General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

Wales, April, 1846. P. S.

Goods! Goods!!

JUST received at the depot store, a large and well selected stock of rich and fashionable

Dry Goods!

Among which may be found beautiful Hair Corded Cambrics, Crapes de Syrie, all new and splendid goods for Ladies' dresses. De Laines, repped, twilled and plain in every variety of style, color and price. Also a fresh stock of very beautiful dress Silks, an immense stock of calico Prints—comprising some very rich all of which are of entirely new style.

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings and Burairs. Counterpanes all sizes and qualities.

To our stock of Carpetings, we would call the attention of all wishing to purchase—as it is the largest and comprises more desirable patterns than any other stock in the country—and will be sold cheaper than can be bought at any other concern.

The above goods have all been manufactured and imported expressly for the spring trade of 1846, and have been purchased at such prices, as will not only place us beyond the reach of competition, but will furnish a better bargain than can be had elsewhere. The goods have all been found in the country of Houghton & Co. McGILVRAY & CO.

HARD WARE, GLASS, NAILS, &c.

THE subscriber is receiving his spring supply of Hard Ware, Tools, and every article in the Hard Ware line, which will be sold at Hartford and Boston prices, with the difference of freight only.—Also, Pocket Knives.

CELEBRATED BOSTON PLOUGHS, which go ahead of any Plough as to workmanship, easy draught, &c., doing the work well. For sale at manufacturer's prices.

Also, constantly on hand a splendid article of PICKER & LACE LEATHER, S. C. REMIS, Exchange Building, Main street, Springfield, March 20, 1846. 11-31

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS AND FEATHERS, CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE, DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND PAINTS.

W. GOODS & GROCERIES, Flour, Salt, Lime, &c., &c., PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

A. BLODGETT, Watch-Maker and Jeweler, 3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL, North side of the Railroad, PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

J. D. BARBER, Fashionable Tailor, PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit. Particular attention is paid to the cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop. Palmer Depot, Jun. 12, 1846.

VALUABLE REMEDY.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

THIS CELEBRATED EXTERNAL REMEDY for the cure of Rheumatism, Cramps, Affections of the Spine, Pains in the Back and Chest, Swelled Limbs, Croup, Ague in the Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Issues, Ulcerated Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Weakness in the Ankles, Nervous Diseases, Contraction of the Muscles, Burns, Corns, and Frost-bites, is now almost universally acknowledged to be one of the Wonders of the World, and the BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY NOW KNOWN. And as a proof of the great celebrity which this remedy has attained, the following certificate, from gentlemen of the highest respectability, is offered. There has never yet been discovered an external remedy which has proved so universally successful in all cases where it has been applied.

SING SING, May 18, 1845. We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr. George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character it gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the safest and most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald. Isaac Birdall, Inspector M. P. State Prison. Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas. James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist. James B. Swan, Editor M. P. Chronicle. M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.

Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner. R. R. Yoris, District Attorney. Theodosius Clark, Pastor M. E. Church. Robert Wilts, late Agent M. P. State Prison. Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress. Munson L. Lockwood, Clerk of the County. Win. H. Peck, Agent M. P. State Prison. B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church. Benjamin Moore, Samuel Trowbridge. Abraham Kipp, Pierre Van Cortlandt. Stephen Marshall, Abraham Miller. John Strain, Gilbert Miller. Philip G. Van Wack, Edmund Blunt, Benjamin Washburn.

The following letter from the highly eminent Physician which has been attached to the Mount Pleasant State Prison for many years, is the best evidence of the value of this celebrated Liniment—

SING SING, Dec. 26, 1844. MY DEAR SIR—I received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion in relation to Hunt's Liniment, as prepared by Mr. George E. Stanton. Knowing its composition, and having frequently used it, I can commend it to you as a safe External Remedy, and, in my opinion, the best Liniment now in use.

Very truly and respectfully yours, A. R. HOFFMAN, M. D. Col. Pierre Van Cortlandt, Croton Manor.

Fully concur in the above opinion. WM. N. BELCHER, M. D.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all the principal Druggists and store-keepers throughout the country.

CAUTION.—Although this External Remedy has been but a short time before the public, counterfeits have been deemed it worth while to palm off a base and worthless article as the genuine. Be sure that each bottle has stamped on it the following: "Hunt's Liniment, prepared and sold by G. E. Stanton, Sing Sing, N. Y." None other is genuine.

GEORGE E. STANTON, Sing Sing, June 5, 1845. 2-ly

AGENTS.—G. W. Callender, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Boyce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Mearns, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

NOTICE! THE subscriber informs the public, that he still continues to manufacture Bonnets & Artificial Flowers

POETRY.

To Augusta.

BY MISS E. N. GAMBLE.

I think of thee, beloved one! when the shades
Of morning flee before the rising sun;
Or when the moonbeams through the leafy glades,
And darkness wraps the world in mantle dun.
My thoughts are with thee, when the glad sun
Is spring
Hangs her green wreaths amid the forest bowers;
And summer skies with crimson sunsets bring
Memories of thee, and forgotten hours.

When autumn comes, and timid spirits fear,
Picturing their fate upon each fading tree;
My heart's delight amid the "inverted year,"
Oh, friend beloved, is still to think of thee.
I hear thy voice, like the melodious sound
Of desert fountains to the traveller's ear;
The faded earth appears enchanted ground,
When I can, 'e'en in fancy, see thee near.

When languid pass the listless hours away,
I call thee image from the gloom afar;
For 'mid the changes of my devious way,
Thou wert still steadfast as the evening star.
From care's abyss I greet that beauteous light;
Then bow renewed in faith to Heaven's decree;
Hope weaves once more, dreams like the rainbow
Bright;
Blessed is the love which thou hast given to me!

For The Sentinel.

Historical Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 16, 11, 5, 9, 7, 16, is a Greek lexicographer;
My 8, 7, 3, 16, 2, 16, is a King of Persia;
My 10, 14, 12, 7, 6, is Roman epic poet;
My 13, 11, 5, 3, 5, 8, 14, 16, is a King of Rome;
My 6, 5, 8, 11, 16, is an Assyrian monarch;
My 16, 2, 6, 15, 12, 7, is a Roman moralist and philosopher;
My 1, 3, 7, 6, 12, 16, is a King of France;
My 9, 7, 3, 5, 14, 16, long reigned king of the Jews;
My whole is a distinguished Spanish warrior, who assisted in taking Atahualpa King of Peru, in 1525. W. D. M.

An answer is requested.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mysterious State-Room; A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

(Continued from first page.)

intention of wrong! It was circumstances that made the guilt, and not the act!—Oh! that I could prove to the world the integrity of my heart, spite the dishonesty of my hand! I could then lift my head among men. But now, no one pities; all men scorn. Crime, or the suspicion of it, destroys the link that binds men to their species. All sympathy dies! No, I err there! Woman's heart bleeds for the unfortunate—ay, for the guilty—for the basest if he be penitent! Heaven forgives and receives the penitent, so does woman! I could have knelt at the feet of those divine creatures as I passed through the saloon. I read sympathy in every lovely lament! One of them looked to me like an angel form I once beheld in my dream! I was overpowered by the sight of her!—Did I see her in reality? Am I not dreaming now! Oh, that I were! and the youth hung his head despondently upon his breast.

Preston Randolph belonged to one of the best Virginia families. He was the nephew of a wealthy gentleman who had disinherited his son for marrying contrary to his wishes. Preston was then a student at law in Philadelphia. His uncle sent for him to hasten to visit him. On arriving he found him quite ill in bed. He, however, dictated a will which, by his direction, his nephew drew up, writing it down word for word as it came from his lips. "The will made him sole heir. A magistrate had been sent for to attest it, but had not arrived when the dying man said, 'he must sign it without delay or it would be too late.' Preston placed it before him and gave him the pen. His uncle formed the first two letters of his name, 'Francis Dayton,' when he was seized with convulsions, the pen dropped from his hand, and he fell back and expired.

For a moment Preston was overcome with grief and surprise; the next instant he recollected that the will had not been signed. The consequence flashed upon his mind. He yielded to the temptation of the moment, seized the pen and completed with his own hand the signature!

Just as he had done so, the magistrate entered. He approached the bed, and laid his hand upon his still warm temples. He then glanced at the will and looked inquiringly at Preston who held it in his hand.

"Just able to sign it," said Preston, handing it to him without looking up. It was the first falsehood he had ever spoken.

"Um, um," said he, "all right. I wish I had been here a moment sooner. But as I knew his intention to make you his heir, I will, to stop all objections, just attest it."

This magistrate of easy conscience, then affixed his name and official seal to the instrument, and Preston Randolph Dayton became possessor of the vast property of his uncle. There was, however, a witness to this instrument whom they little suspected. It was a shrewd attorney, whom the son of the deceased had sent to see if he could not prevail on his father to make, at least, some bequest in his favor. He arrived a few moments before Preston commenced writing a will, and standing

across the lawn came upon the gallery unobserved. As he passed along towards the main entrance, his inquisitive curiosity led him to peep in at the long windows which were trellised with vines. To his surprise and satisfaction, through one of these he beheld the invalid with Preston by his bedside. Unobserved, he heard and saw all that transpired.

With the possession of this important secret, he hastened away. He let Preston take full management of the property, and then privately charged him with the forgery, promising to compound with him for a third of the estate. Preston, after the first alarm and surprise had passed, refused to do it, and insulted him. The attorney then vowed to expose him, when the guilty young man, overcome with remorse, shame, and fear of punishment, fled. He was, eventually, arrested at Vicksburg; and on the requisition of the governor of Virginia, who despatched officers for him, he was taken from prison, and now placed in chains on board our boat.

It was, indeed, a hard lot for a noble youth like him. How great and irresistible the temptation! Stronger principle would have saved him this crime even at the expense of a vast fortune. But Preston Dayton was ambitious, proud, and loved wealth for the power and pleasure it conferred. The temptation offered itself—he embraced it, and fell! His guilt was, it is true, unpremeditated. He intended no fraud the moment before. He had really, only fulfilled his uncle's intention. Yet, it would have been better if he had left it as it was, with this intention so strongly apparent in the first two or three trembling letters he had signed of his name. How eloquent it would have spoken in a court of equity. But at all events, truth and integrity are safest and best. Yet, to what man living would not the idea have occurred to complete the unfinished signature? Many men, good Christian men, who fear to do evil, though but the eye of God is upon them, would have resisted the thought; but many, alas! too many, would have done like Preston Randolph.

It was midnight, and all slept in the vast cabins, all on board the immense steamer, save the watch on deck. But Louise and Genevieve were awake, and so was the prisoner. Beside his door heavily slept the officer, trusting to chains to bind, and the waters to keep his charge in safety. Softly Genevieve opened the door of her state-room and stole forth into the cabin. The swinging lamp burned dimly and cast a pale glare around. She crossed to the state-room of the prisoner. She looked down and steadily watched the stern countenance of the slumbering guardian. His sleep was not feigned, it was deep and heavy. She reached her arm across him and slipped a paper up between the blinds, and hastily retreated.

Preston was sitting with his hands on his knees and his face buried in his hands in deep and painful thought. He was calmly contemplating suicide. He heard the paper fall at his feet. Hope gleamed through the darkness of his destiny. He gathered his chains carefully together that they should not clank, and picked it up.—It read as follows, in a delicate female hand.

"Guilty or innocent, thou art unhappy! There are friends near thee who will aid thy escape. Prepare to receive whatever instruments may be passed through the blinds, lest they fall and the noise wake your guardian."

He pressed his lips to the note, and hope revived in his heart. In a few moments afterwards, Louise Claviere was seen traversing with light step the silent cabins, wrapped in a cloak and hat she had taken from one of the tables. She descended to the engine room and secretly obtained two files. With these she returned to her state room, having met only the watchman, who took her for one of the gentlemen passengers, who preferred walking on the guards to sleeping.

"Genevieve, I will take thee to him," she said to her cousin, who felt almost as much interest in his escape as she did.—"You will see that, if the officer wakes, he listens to me, rather than us."

"Yes," said Genevieve, laughing. "I will try and amuse him if need be—but let us be cautious and he may not awake. His sleep is that of a tired man."

Louise crossed the cabin lightly. Genevieve took a book and sat on an ottoman close to the head of the officer. Louise softly opened the door across his body, and entered the state-room of the prisoner.—He started with surprise. She laid her hand impressively on his arm, and placed a file in his hand. She closed the door and seated herself silently at his feet, and commenced filing his iron fetters. She was calm, quiet, resolute. Her look was elevated with high purpose. Was it real? Was it a spirit that had come to aid his escape? He pressed her hand gratefully to his lips, and took the other file and applied it to the steel band of his manacles.

In two hours one of his manacles and a fetter released a hand and foot. In two hours more he was freed from his chains! They were then filed from the bolt. He knelt at the feet of his liberator. There was an hour yet to day, and she asked him to tell her his crime. Briefly he related to her what has already been narrated.

"Enough," said she, "I know thou hadst been greatly tempted. The way is open before thee. Escape! If you do not

swim, here is a life preserver I have prepared for you. Let me buckle it about you. Now, while it is yet dark, spring with your chains in your hands, and with a loud clanking sound of them into the water, and swim ashore. It will be thought you are drowned, as no man could swim with such a weight. There will no pursuit be made for you, and under another name, and in another clime, you may live and be happy."

"And to what glorious being am I indebted for life, liberty, and happiness?" he said, kneeling at her feet.

"It matters not! Fly! If hereafter you should feel an interest awakened in your breast for her who has liberated you, come on next St. Mary's eve, and ask at the convent of the Sacred Heart for Louise Claviere!"

With these words she opened the door, and pointed to the way of escape over the body of his sleeping keeper, and through the cabin to the outer "guard."

He pressed her hand to his heart, and that of the noble Genevieve—who extended it to him—to his lips; and taking up his chains, as he saw them both vanish in their state-room, he fled through the cabin to the outer guard. The officer, awakened by the clanking, sprung up, looked first into the state-room after his prisoner, then beheld him flying along the cabin. He started in pursuit, giving the alarm, and only reached the guard to see his prisoner spring with his chains into the dark flood.

"Stop the boat!" he shouted aloud; but as she was already far beyond the spot, he immediately countermanded the order; "no, no, it's of no use; with twenty pounds of iron on him, he is gone to the bottom like a stone!"

The boat kept on her way, and ere we reached Louisville, the prisoner was forgotten. That some of the females in the cabin had connived at his escape, and furnished him with the files, was very generally believed, but suspicion was not fastened on the right persons.

On the evening of the succeeding St. Mary's a mounted cavalier rode up to the gate of the Convent de l'Esprit Saint in Louisiana. He was dressed like a Texan country gentleman, with a short horseman's cloak, a broad Panama hat, a sword at his side, and pistols in his holsters. He was of noble presence, with an exceedingly dark but handsome countenance. He asked of the portress of the convent for permission to see Louise Claviere, if such a person abode there. The aged portress retired, and in a few moments Louise Claviere appeared at the grate. The cavalier dismounted, and kissed the hand she extended towards him.

"Lady, I have sought thee, having by deeds of honorable conduct among men, won a proud and virtuous name, which under Heaven, no temptation will hereafter take from me. I know that thou didst free me from chains because thou wert interested in me as a woman."

Louise bent her head, and the changing light of her cheek showed the pleased yet timid emotion that filled her bosom.

"I have thought only of thee since the hour these delicate fingers labored for my freedom," he continued. "That hour of liberty was the hour of my heart's bondage. The hands that made my body free bound my heart in stronger chains."

"Why hast thou sought me?" she asked with mingled hope and fear.

"To ask you to unite your fate with mine."

"Such is decreed my destiny fair sir," she said frankly; "I have here remained to await thy coming, for in my dreams I have foreseen and enjoyed this welcome hour. Now I know that thou lovest me, by not forgetting me I will freely unite my fate with thine."

That same day the convent chapel witnessed their bridal; and the bride and bridegroom, a few days after, took their way to Randolph Claviere's (for that is the name he assumed) fair Texan domain which he had won by courage, virtue and integrity—a far nobler and fairer estate than that which he had criminally sought to enjoy in his native land. No man hath so far fallen that he may not rise again.

The above story, though not written "in the Cambray's vein," is written in the exaggerated vein to which some American writers are very partial; a blending of the false with the true; the supernatural with the commonplace; the simple with the complex and the sublime with its converse. The skeleton or outline of the story is, however, actually true, and the incident of the liberation of a young and gentlemanly forger by ladies took place three years since on a steamer upon the Mississippi. We have adopted in writing it, to suit all tastes and our own humor, a style which Renaud, speaking of his particularized dream, would call a "Harlequinade." "But," as Sam Slick very sensibly observes, "what is the care whether the shell be a smooth or a shag bark, so there be meat in it after it be cracked?"

"The same fair lady alluded to in the first part of the tale asks what has become of sweet Genevieve? We beg her pardon. She was a year since married to a noble young gentleman in Lexington, who has, as the same Mr Slick said of himself very modestly, 'sense, soul and sentiment, with taste, delicacy and feeling to appreciate, a heart to love, and an arm to defend and protect her!'"

There is nothing in this line.

AGRICULTURAL.

Rearing Calves.

Messrs Editors:—In the Cultivator of the 28th ult., I noticed a request from your correspondent J. desiring some information in regard to rearing calves without letting them suck. I will endeavor to communicate what knowledge I am possessed of, connected with practical experience.—At the age of ten years (owing to my father's profession, the care of the farm devolved on me in a measure. We generally reared from two to four calves yearly, were solely under my management.

I generally, for the good of the cows, let the calves suck two days. I then take them entirely away from the cows, and commence learning them to drink milk, which I accomplish by making my legs serve as a yoke. I have a basin that will hold two quarts, into which I put a pint of milk; I then introduce my forefinger into the mouth, to serve as a teat, my thumb resting on his nose, not so as to injure the breathing. After a few trials, they will suck the finger. After I got them to suck well, I gradually slipped my finger out, and in the course of two days they will drink without any further assistance.

I have had some calves drink at the first trial; those learn the quickest that never suck. At two weeks old I commence giving them porridge, as we call it, which is simply Indian meal, scalded, and mixed with milk; a little salt should be put in to prevent scouring. Three table spoonfuls of meal will make porridge enough for two calves mixed with milk. As they grow older you can increase the meal, and by the ninth week they will drink skimmed milk with their meal, or before, if you choose. At three months old I quit giving meal or milk by which time they have learned to drink water and feed on grass.

This has been my manner of rearing calves for the last 20 years, and I say from experience, that there is no better way—the calves reared in this way will do better the following winter, they will eat any kind of hand feed; and another very essential thing is their docility through life. Calves reared in this manner, have made the best cows and bought the highest price on our farm. There is one thing in which farmers fail in a measure; it is by not selecting a better breed of cattle, than what is generally raised. One good cow is worth three poor ones. I do wish our farmers would wake up and try to extricate this ill shapen poor system they have held on to so long, in regard to rearing stock.

BOWEN.
South Plympton, March 9, 1845.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.
We have raised calves much in the way named by our correspondent. It is a good method, as it is attended with excellent success, and is very economical. In a few days we change gradually from new milk to a porridge made of skimmed milk and corn meal. We have reared calves thus, and they have sold higher in the fall than those that have sucked the cow 8 or 10 weeks, and then run in the same pasture. They will not grow quite so fast at first, but on weaning they are less affected, and are in a much finer condition in the winter.

The vessel in which the calves fed should be washed perfectly clean after every meal; the milk, or porridge should be scalded, and given blood warm. To prevent scouring give the calves a little chalk, and keep pure earth, say yellow loam, and wood ashes in their pens; and by all means keep their pens clean. They will soon eat sweet clover hay, or grass in its season; and after they are a month old they should have carrots, cut into thin slices. They must be put into their mouths, and this is a pleasant employment for children, if they will carefully keep their fingers from their teeth.

We think oat meal would be better than corn meal, as less liable to produce the scours. We will give an instance of the economy of this mode. We had only one cow in milk during March, the others not calving till April. From the milk of this one, we made butter to use and sell, kept two calves in a fine growing condition, on meal and skimmed milk kept two pigs mostly on the milk, and had some to use. A friend who followed our mode of feeding, from seeing its good effects, informs us that he now feeds on hasty pudding and milk, and thinks it an improvement.—Boston Cultivator.

Barn Cellars.

The Massachusetts Ploughman recommends barn cellars. There is no room so cheap or so good as cellar room in a barn. Here cattle are warm in winter and cool in summer—here roots of all kinds can be readily stored and easily fed out to stock—and here hay may be unloaded with half the labor that is required to pitch it on scaffolds.

Some barns are so constructed that parts of the cellar are used for all these purposes. When a farmer is building, the extra cost of a cellar under his barn is quite trifling compared with the room that he adds under the same roof. In most cases the farmer has rocks enough, and common farm laborers can dig the cellar and stone it.

Farmers, be of good cheer.

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT. Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balm of Life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption! The most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr. Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries and the treatment of Scrophulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balm is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balm, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for its sale the most possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balm has cured, and will cure, the most desperate cases. It is as quick as steam, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balm of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of Hope. Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole Agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent Street, London, in Bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass, sole Agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, \$1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

Yours genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counteract which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 150 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hilkey; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-ly

A large assortment of the most valuable

FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Truill's, Norman's (Peruvian), Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', and Russell's Bitters, Hall's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandt's, Lescure's, Smith's (sugar coated), Persian, Phinney's, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps' (Tomato and Cough), Grindley's, Peters', Hitchcock's, Russell's, United States, &c.

Whitmore's Vegetable Syrup for Diarrhea, &c. Fahnstock's Vermifuge, an invaluable remedy for Worms. Beccannon's Pulmonary Syrup, Cover's Balm of Life, Richardson's Pectoral Balm, Ames' Cough Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Down's Elixir, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Egyptian Eye Wash, Castor Oil, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Michael's Freckle Wash, Brandt's and Grindley's Liniment, Opodeldoe, Sand's remedy for Salt Rheum, Cohen's Rheumatic Embrocation, Root's German Ointment, Gravidol's, Sweet's, Esch's, Sherman's Bittis and Helweg Plasters.

Sherman's, Faies', and Peters' Medicated Lozenges, Castor Oil, Hot Drops, Tooth Powders, Hair Tonics, Essences, &c., &c.

Warranted Genuine, for sale by
A. BLODGETT.
Palmer Depot, 1846.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite all those about to purchase any article in his line to call and examine his assortment. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining Tables; Work, Wash and Light Stands; Grecian, French and Common Bureaus; French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian, Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His Furniture is of the best

MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP, and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call and examine and satisfy yourselves.

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has thus far been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same.

B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice.
A. H. LONGLEY.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

100 Packages Tea.

THE subscribers having just received a large invoice of Y. H. Sing Long, Souther and O. H. Tea, at prices much less than ever before offered in this place. Merchants and others wishing to purchase tea by the package, are informed they can do so at as low as they can buy in Boston, with the addition of the freight. Please call and examine for yourselves at the depot store.

McGILVRAY & CO.

Wanted! LUMBER, of all kinds in exchange for goods, for which fair prices will be paid.
McGILVRAY & CO.

200 PRS LADIES' KID SHOES, for sale low at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

GRAIN. CORN, Rye and Oats, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Salt. TURK'S ISLAND, Liverpool and Dairy Salt, for sale at the Depot Store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Fresh Oysters! Direct from New Haven by Railroad Express! CONSTANTLY on hand, and furnished in any quantity at the lowest prices, by
A. BLODGETT.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 14, 1846.

Woolens! Woolens!! WISHING to close off the balance of our extensive stock of Goods adapted to the present season, will sell at a reduction, from former prices, (which of course brings them very low)—Ladies and Gentlemen wishing for wearing apparel at bargain, will please call and examine for themselves, at the depot store. McGILVRAY & CO.

This Day Received! LINEN Table Covers, col'd, Browns and Damask. Also some very nice Woolen Covers, Tickings, Feather, &c., all for sale low at the depot store.
McGILVRAY & CO.

Cards! Cards! LADIES OR GENTLEMEN wishing for Visiting or Business Cards, can be supplied at short notice, with or without printing, at this office.

Brass Clocks, OF superior quality, both alarm and common movements, beautifully case and warranted first rate Time Keepers. For sale low by
A. BLODGETT.

Paper Hangings! OF almost every style and price just received and for sale low, at the depot store.
McGILVRAY & CO.

Glass. WINDOW GLASS of nearly all sizes and quality, for sale at the Depot store, by
McGILVRAY & CO.

Job Printing!

Palmer Depot Printing Establishment.
SOUTH OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT.

The subscribers, having an extensive assortment of materials in the

Jobbing Department,

are now prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

in the neatest style, such as CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS, SERMONS, BILL-HEADS, TOWN REPORTS, CIRCULARS, TOWN RECORDS, LEGAL BLANKS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, &c., &c.

Managers of Balls and Parties will be supplied at short notice, with

CARDS OF INVITATION,

in style superior to anything of the kind heretofore executed. The Materials of this Establishment are all new and of the latest City styles.

For All Orders for the Paper, or Job Work, sent by Mail, Stage Drivers, or otherwise, will be faithfully executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The subscribers having at the command as good an assortment of Type as in the County, they flatter themselves they will receive a good share of the public patronage.

WHITTEMORE & TENNEY.
Palmer Depot, Mass, Jan. 1846.

STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

is complete, and they are now as ever, ready to sell Goods at such prices as will enable them to sustain the reputation they have already secured to themselves by selling Goods cheap. It is not their purpose to avail that they will sell Goods less than any other concern, but nevertheless know that they possess facilities for selling some goods which others do not. Keeping as they do almost every article that the people require and getting a small advance on each article sold, affords them ample remuneration for their services. The subscribers having at the command as good an assortment of Type as in the County, they flatter themselves they will receive a good share of the public patronage.

WHITTEMORE & TENNEY.
Palmer Depot, Mass, Jan. 1846.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 BOWERY New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Rheumatism in the Lungs. Read the following certificate.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured. I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, 375 Bowery, and my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly,
A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by the use of Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.
Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1846.
H. C. TOWSON, Com. of Deeds.

Honorable, Penn. April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which was materially impaired, felt that I could no longer hold the disease. At this juncture I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARREY.
The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly,
N. B. PRICE reduced. Large bottles, \$1.50—small bottles, \$1.00.